Prince Come hither Francis. *Francis* My Lord.

Prince How long haſt thou to ſerue, Francis?

Francis Forſooth fiue yeeres, and as much as to

Poines Francis,

Francis Anone, anone ſir.

Prince Fiue yeeres, berlady a long leaſe for the clincking of pewter; But Francis, dareſt thou be ſo valiant, as to play the coward with thy indenture, and ſhew it a faire paire of heeles, and runne from it.

Francis O Lord ſir, Ile be ſworne vpon all bookes in England I could find in my heart.

Poines Francis, *Francis* Anon ſir.

Prince How old art thou, Francis?

Francis Let me ſee, about Michaelmas next I ſhal be

Poines Francis.

Francis Anone ſir, pray you ſtay a little my Lord.

Prince Nay but harke you *Francis*, for the ſugar thou gaueſt me, t'was a peny worth, waſt not?

Francis O Lord, I would it had beene two.

Prince I wil giue thee for it, a thouſand pound, aske mee when thou wilt, and thou ſhalt haue it.

Poines Francis. *Francis* Anone, anone.

Princes Anone *Francis*? No *Francis*, but to morrow *Francis*: or *Francis*, on thurſeday: or indeede *Francis*, when thou wilt: But *Francis*.

Francis My Lord.

Prince Wilt thou robb this leatherne ierkin, criſtall button, not-pated, agat ring, puke ſtocking, caddice garter, ſmoothe tongue, Spaniſh powch?

Francis O Lord ſir, who do you meane?

Prince VVhy then your browne baſtard is your onely drinke: for looke you *Francis*, your white canuaſſe doublet will ſulley. In Barbary ſir, it cannot come to ſo much.

Francis VVhat ſir? *Poines* Francis.

Prince Away you rogue, doſt thou not heare them call?

Heere they both call him, the drawer ſtands amazed, not knowing which way to goe. *Enter* Vintner.

Vint, VVhat, ſtandſt thou ſtil, & hearſt ſuch a calling? looke to

to the gheſts within. My Lord, more, are at the doore, ſhall I le

Prin. Let then alone a while

Poines Anon, anon ſir.

Prince Sirra, Falſtalffe and t doore, ſhall we be merry?

Poi. As merry as Cricketes, n ning match haue you made; wit what's the iſſue?

Prin. I am now of all humo humors, ſince the old daies of age of this preſent twelue a clo Francis?

Francis Anon, anon ſir.

Prin. That euer this fellow Parrat, & yet the ſonne of a w and downe ſtaires, his eloquen am not yet of Percies mind, the kils me ſome ſixe or ſeuen doz his handes, & fayes to his wife worke. O my ſweet Harry, ſay to day? Giue my Roane horſe ſome fourteene, an houre after Falſtalffe, Ile play Percy, and Dame Mortimer his wife. *Rive* call in Tallow.

Enter

Poines Welcome Iacke, wher

Fal. A plague of al cowards ry and Amen: giue me a cup long, Ile ſowe neather ſtockes, too. A plague of all cowards, there no vertue extant?

Prin. Didſt thou neuer ſee full harted Titan that melted thou didſt, then behold that c

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